

Michaelwave

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/39713079) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/39713079>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen, M/M
Fandom:	Supernatural (TV 2005)
Relationship:	Michael/Adam Milligan, Michael & Adam Milligan
Character:	Adam Milligan, Michael (Supernatural)
Additional Tags:	It's not actually explicit, I just wanted to label it that, Is it actually mlm if one of them is a microwave?, the second m actually stands for microwave, Crack, Angst, See this was supposed to be crack but then I took it too seriously at some point, Post-Canon, Canon Compliant, one body midam, two body midam, I mean technically it follows the canon, but it's the idea that Michael finds a vessel who isn't Adam and that vessel is a microwave, michaelwave, Established Relationship, College, baking and cooking, Anxiety and mental health, Supernatural - Freeform, microwave, hopefully this a good enough tag list, All Hail Michaelwave, Adam Milligan - Freeform, michael spn, Adam's roommate is an OC, I think T is appropriate there's one vaguely sexual joke but I don't think it warrants an M, Rated M for Michaelwave, Edit-missrating it as E wasn't as funny as I thought it was in July, midam
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Michaelwave
Stats:	Published: 2022-06-18 Words: 4,638 Chapters: 1/1

Michaelwave

by [ShakespeareSucks69](#)

Summary

Adam goes away to college, but he can't have an archangel inside of him! So Michael finds a new vessel- Adam's microwave.

Notes

I edited this fast so it's a little ramby in some places, sorry! Just edit it with your mind! It was supposed to be comedy, but it gets kinda dark in some places. Hope you enjoy!

Microwave divider by @sligheach-sidhe on tumblr

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Well it’s not like I can go back to college with an archangel living inside of me.”

Adam had intended it as an out for Michael, assuming that he’d want to return to Heaven to pursue his career in Heavenly paperwork.

But despite having spent 1,200 years together, Michael had poorly misinterpreted the message.

Adam was not immediately aware of this miscommunication until several months later in early August when he was going shopping for dorm necessities. He’d picked up a shower caddy, bedding for an extra long twin bed that had a decent pattern on them, and of course, a microwave.

He’d finally gotten an email that his housing assignment had been updated on his college’s housing portal, and he’d immediately reached out to his roommate on Instagram. Instagram- not Facebook. Because even though the college had created the official Class of 2024 group on Facebook, he’d recently learned that no one uses Facebook anymore. And MySpace is really dead, which is probably for the best.

So he’d created himself an Instagram account because he’s a tech savvy teen, completely in control of the technology of 2020. And by some stroke of luck he’d managed to find Max Smith’s instagram account and message him. He seems fine, they haven’t talked much. He’d encouraged Adam to post a picture of himself to his insta. Max’s instagram is full of photos of him and his friends from highschool, and he has listed where he went to highschool, as well as being a member of the class of 2024.

Adam is currently overthinking this. Should he say Windom? But what if he says somewhere else and then they’re from that area. He could say he’s from New York or some other state where people are less likely to be from. He’s strongly considering spending a week in a town on the opposite side of Windom, familiarizing himself with the local landmarks. Or he could not list where he’s from at all.

But he should have an answer prepared for the inevitable icebreakers of Freshman Orientation. Slayton is a strong contender- he found it on Google Maps. Population of 2,153 according to the 2010 census? Yeah, he somehow went unnoticed.

At least he has found one acceptable photo of himself, taken by Michael as he sits at a diner booth. It’s now his profile picture and his first post. It’s sufficient for now.

Besides overthinking his Instagram account, Max informed him that he’ll be bringing his parents’ old minifridge so if Adam could bring a microwave that’d be great. Adam can do that.

And so they check out with Adam’s toiletries, bedding, a lamp, microwave and a *Star Wars* poster.

When they get home Adam immediately cracks open the microwave box on his kitchen table to make sure it works- it does. He takes a seat to start messing around with the different buttons. He’s never going to use the “popcorn” button when making popcorn, but now’s a great time to make sure it works.

But what he doesn’t anticipate is Michael leaving his body to possess the microwave.

“Michael?” he asks, concerned about what happened, and feeling suddenly unsteady at suddenly being the only one in his body for the first time in over a century. He’s glad he was seated.

“Yes, Adam?” his microwave speaks.

“Michael? Did you just possess my microwave?”

“Yes.”

“...Why?”

“You said that you couldn’t go to college with an archangel inside of you. I figured this way I can go to college with you.”

Adam brings his hand to his forehead as he leans on the table to speak to his now sentient microwave.

“You know I just said that because I wanted to give you an out if you wanted to split after getting out of Hell, right?”

“No, that’s why I asked you if you were going to go back to live with the Winchesters.”

“Why would I want to go to them?”

“Because you don’t need to have me around if you want me gone,” Michael responds while having taken the position equivalent to a cat who has climbed into his suitcase to avoid being forgotten while Adam packs for college.

“Michael, of course I want you around. I love you, isn’t that obvious?”

The lightbulb in his microwave turns itself on, and immediately shatters. There’s the sound of broken glass repairing itself as Michael apologizes for breaking Adam’s microwave.

He misses being able to hear Michael directly inside him, but maybe it’s time they have separate bodies, even if one of them is a microwave.

“You ok in there, buddy?” he asks, opening Michael’s door to make sure his insides are ok from the shattered glass.

“Yes,” he answers a bit flustered.

“Good,” he answers, lightly kissing the top of Michealwave. Oh yeah, this is weird. Adam hates this vessel of Michael’s. At least it’s better than him looking like his estranged father- but that’s a very low bar.

Michaelwave basically short circuits himself and the kitchen before repairing himself.

But Michael’s the one who possessed the Microwave, so maybe it’ll be a fun joke for a couple days. But they’ll definitely go back to normal before Freshman Orientation in three weeks. If he gets labeled the weird roommate it will not be because he was caught expressing PDA to his microwave boyfriend.

“I didn’t know that you could possess something that wasn’t human,” Adam finally speaks again.

“Yes, before humans existed angels used to possess various animals as needed. I once possessed a Tyrannosaurus Rex, for business purposes, as you know.”

“For business,” Adam agrees, smirking.

“For business,” Michael deadpans, but Adam can see the gleam in his eyes that he very deliberately chose the T-Rex as opposed to other potential vessels at the time.

“And look at you now- a microwave.”

“Well, I needed a strong vessel, you’re one of two *people* currently capable of containing me.”

Adam smirks, “But my 1100 watt microwave in compliance with dorm guidelines is.”

“This is a very special microwave.”

“Uh huh. Yeah, the...” he strains to read whatever the box says from where he tossed it to the floor, but can’t make it out at this angle. “Whatever brand it says on the box, 1100 watt microwave that we got on sale at Target for \$40 is very special.”

“It is.”

“I’m not sure if being equated to a microwave is good or bad.”

“You’re stronger than this microwave.”

“Thanks.” Adam debates on whether being more powerful than a microwave is a lot or a little.

“You possessing my microwave isn’t going to destroy my microwave, right?”

Michael remains silent, and Adam takes that as a yes.

That’s fine. If Michael’s happy being a microwave he’ll let him live his best microwave life until he realizes that he’s better than a microwave. Adam realizes that he’s very jealous of that microwave.



Adam had hoped that Michael would’ve left the microwave before Move-in Day. But if Michael wants to be a microwave instead of helping him move- fine. Be like that.

The extra strength would’ve been nice, but he’s on the first floor and all his stuff is pretty light anyway. He saves bringing Michael in for last, he can wait in the hot car a bit while he works up a sweat (he left the AC on for him, and cracked a window). He bridal carries his beloved Michaelwave into their new home for the next two semesters (really it’s just two hands supporting his microwave from the bottom, so it’s just a romanticized way of carrying his microwave. It’s completely normal looking).

The room has limited outlets, so he takes advantage of the archangel possessing his microwave to open up one more outlet. Now he can charge his phone and have his lamp plugged in at the same time!

He sets Michaelwave on top of his dresser underneath his lofted bed. He tucks Michaelwave’s cord behind his dresser so that hopefully Max doesn’t discover that their microwave is functioning without power.

After getting Michaelwave settled he moves on to unpacking his bedding.

Michael closes the door and window before helping to unpack Adam's clothes as Adam struggles with his fitted sheet. Michael is efficient, and finishes with all of Adam's clothes by the time Adam has finished throwing his pillows up onto his bed. Michael's about to help unpack Adam's school stuff when there's the sound of voices, and a key fumbling with the lock on the other side of the door.

Michael immediately vanishes despite Max and his family being unable to see him. It's for the best because otherwise Adam would unconsciously stare at empty space (Michael).

Adam greets them and Max is a chill guy. They make small talk as they both unpack.

"Adam Milligan!" Max's dad shakes his hand, "You know, you have the same name as the kid from Windom a couple years back!" Adam's hand immediately goes stiff in Max's dad's hand and he somehow finds it in him to let his hand slip back to his side and let his smile freeze in place on his face so that it doesn't fall.

"Dad, shut up!" admonishes Max. "Sorry, he's sort of a true crime buff."

"It's ok," he wishes Michael was still inside of him. He seems so far away in his microwave.

"Do you know the story? It's fascinating, one of my favorite true crime stories! You guys were young when it happened- eight I think. It was just a couple hours from here."

"Yes," he stiffly tries to politely participate in the conversation. Quietly simmering at how his life has been reduced to nothing more than the entertainment of someone's true crime obsession.

"Personally, I think the mom ate the son."

All the blood drains from his face. It seems to defy physics and bleed onto the floor beneath his feet, where it would drip down stories below if they weren't on the ground floor. Instead it seems to drain into the dirt where he once laid for a year.

"Low gore, tolerance, sorry," Max's dad half heartedly apologizes.

Adam reaches out behind him to place his hand on Michaelwave, and he sends his grace up Adam's arm to comfort him.

"She didn't kill her son. She loved her son," he finally finds the words. Unable to keep the knives out of his words. How dare he say that about his mom? But it feeds into that old memory of when he was 19, and didn't know what was happening-

Michael soothes his thoughts to silence.

"It's just a theory," Max's dad waves it off. Seemingly bothered that his words offended Adam somehow.

"She didn't." He repeats it half to reinforce his statement, half to remind himself. He knows. But sometimes it's still her face he sees in the dark- tearing him away-

Michael tries to soothe him further. Fuck. He's failing to play his role of indifference so badly, but it hurts so much. It's so hard to contain it all away from public view.

"They never found the person who broke in. She was a victim as well." He repeats the story. Yeah,

he'd looked it up one night out of morbid curiosity. It wasn't great for him, but he had to know. Ghouls. He can't say that part.

"Yeah, but it's a little too gruesome for just a break in."

"Hey Dad, why don't you go bring up some more stuff?" Max excuses his dad, and he reluctantly takes it.

Adam breaths a quiet sigh of relief now that the subject has been dropped. Max immediately begins apologizing for his dad.

Adam waves him off, assuring him that he's fine as he heads off to the communal bathroom. Savoring the privacy of the stall. He misses always having Michael with him. It's so lonely without him.

But finally the emotions simmer down, and he stops seeing the ghoul with his mom's face when he closes his eyes, and has mostly stopped shaking. How can it still affect him so badly after so many lifetimes?

He exits the stall and goes back to his dorm. He misses when he and Michael could just go on walks together. But now his best friend is a microwave, and he can't very well just be like, "let me take my microwave for a walk around campus!"

He returns to his dorm, trying to pretend that he's still excited for the day of Freshman Orientation ahead of him, and doesn't want to curl in bed with Michael and not leave until Orientation is completely over. He has gone through Orientation before. Why does he have to go through it again?

He tries to hover around Michaelwave as much as possible without drawing too much attention to his fixation with his secret microwave boyfriend.

Him and Max's family work at unpacking in a semi-amicable combination of silence and small talk until Max's dad speaks again.

"Did your parents leave already, or are they making you move in all on your own?" jokes Max's dad, interested in meeting Adam's parents as well as making a jab at Max's attitude. Who is getting overprotective over how his parents keep trying to rearrange his items.

"Uhh," Adam deflects, it's not a secret that his Mom is deceased, but if he says that it'll make it really awkward. If Michael were still here in his head and not currently possessing his microwave he could give him advice. He politely laughs at Max's dad's joking tone.

Max's parents frown slightly at his lack of answer.

Now that it's no longer posed as a joke, but rather an unspoken curiosity, he finally speaks.

"My mom passed away last year," he quickly explains, like ripping off a band-aid. Hoping that if this goes terribly Michael can just erase their memories of his social awkwardness. Being in a Cage with no humans and two archangels for 1,200 years completely destroyed his social skills, but they're better than they were. He'd like to think that he has gotten them back to almost average in the past eight months.

The mood of the room takes a significant downshift, and Max and his parents offer their condolences. Which he politely accepts, and assures them that it feels like it was a while ago so it's ok.

Michael appears quickly to suggest a joke to him. It's Michael's funniest joke, and Adam laughs to himself as he tells it.

Dead silence.

The joke was in Enochian. He just spoke in Enochian instead of English.

He quickly looks up a joke on his phone as Max and his family are still too stunned to speak, "Michael—"

Michael erases their memories of the failed joke, just in time for Adam to make yet another failed joke.

But at least this one was in English, and it gets some pitiful laughs.

Maybe he should've looked up a WikiHow article on "how to tell your roommate and his family that your mom passed away" instead of looking up a page of the "top 500 jokes." But it's sufficient and the neutral mood returns.

Turns out Max shares his love of Star Wars, which is a convenient bonding method.

After Max's parents leave, Adam introduces him to Michaelwave.

"This is Michaelwave/ Michael! He's our third roommate!" Adam poses it as a joke.

Max laughs at the name choice, "Or he could be like a pet. Animals aren't allowed, but he could be like a fish or something that you don't have to feed!"

"I don't know, maybe every time you microwave mac and cheese he steals one of your noodles!"

"If he eats my mac and cheese, that means our microwave is possessed! But if consuming one elbow macaroni from my mac and cheese is the price to pay in order to keep it from consuming me in my sleep, then I'll pay that price. But if my noodles start disappearing it's a warning sign! And it would immediately be time for a new microwave!"

Adam laughs, "Don't worry, Michael doesn't like eating!"

"Good, Michaelwave!" Max pats the top of Michaelwave and Adam is aware of a disgruntled emotion coming off of Michael.

What? He asks Michael, before remembering that they can no longer communicate telepathically. Adam frowns at Michael. He'll need to wait until Max is out of the room in order to talk to Michael.

Over the next couple weeks Max and Michael get to know each other, and become friends. Occasionally Michael will have one of Max's macaroni noodles fly out of his mac and cheese cup. Not frequently enough to raise suspicion, but enough that occasionally Max will raise an eyebrow at the memory of Adam introducing Michaelwave to him.

It becomes a bit of a running joke, and occasionally Max will mention how "Michaelwave seems to have a mind of his own, but he always cooks my mac n cheese perfectly, so I think he likes me." At one point Max jokingly suggests that Adam knowingly brought a possessed microwave with him to college.

Adam laughs in the most suspicious way possible.

Max gives him a look, and decides, “Michaelwave is too new to be possessed.”

Adam agrees with him, while sharing a look with Michael.

Part of him wants to tell Max the truth about Michaelwave, but he’s not sure how that’d go. Sure he could always just erase his memory afterward if it goes bad. But he’d rather not set out to do it with that mindset. Maybe later in the year.



The Halloween Special

“Holy fuck!! Adam!!” Max screams.

“What?!” Adam jolts up in bed as he attempts to give as much of his attention to Max as he possibly can in his groggy state. The adrenaline is quickly heightening his alertness.

He misses when Michael possessed him instead of his microwave. When he still had Michael he always insisted on sleeping almost every night, but now he wouldn’t mind being able to gain a couple extra hours for homework or whatever. His alarm clock says 3am.

His eyes adjust to the light and Max’s face is pale as he holds Michaelwave’s power cord in his hand.

“Oh, is that all,” he breathes out a sigh of relief, “I thought something was actually wrong. Just plug him back in,” he groans and falls back into his pillow. The soft hum of Michael microwaving Max’s 3am mac and cheese almost lulls him back to sleep.

“Oh shit!” he suddenly jerks up, and scrambles down the side of his bed as quickly as he can.

“Oh shit,” repeats Max mocking Adam for just realizing the issue now.

“Hey, I can’t see Michael underneath me, ok? And I was sleeping,” he defends as he makes his way to stand between Max and Michael.

Michael is looking at him, unsure of what to do, not wanting to upset Adam’s relationship with his roommate.

There’s 41 seconds left until Max’s mac and cheese is completed, and they seem to count down the moments of silence that pass between the three of them.

“Michael, stop,” he exasperatedly instructs.

Michael immediately turns himself off.

“Holy shit, he listens to you!” Max pears from behind Adam like he’s a human shield.

“Well, duh, he’s my microwave,” Adam groans.

“Adam, I know you’re technologically challenged, BUT THAT’S NOT HOW MICROWAVES WORK!!”

“Yeah, Michael’s special,” Adam agrees fondly. Heading back to his bed. He’ll deal with the aftermath in the morning. For him that’s 5am, he’s a morning person. For Max, 5am is bed time and he’ll sleep till 1. Which somehow works since Max has classes in the afternoon and evening.

Adam and Michael either talk while Max is dead asleep or out of the room.

“Uh, no, Adam. Michaelwave is ACTUALLY possessed!” Max starts rummaging around his side of the room for the salt shaker he stole from the dining hall and begins throwing salt at Michael from across the room.

“Max, stop! You’re getting salt in my stuff!” Adam groans, freezing where he was about to start ascending his bed again.

Michael doesn’t appreciate getting sprayed with salt.

“BIGGER PROBLEMS ADAM!! MICHAELWAVE IS POSSESSED!! HOW DO YOU NOT FEAR THE SENTIENCE OF TECHNOLOGY?!?”

“Oh, I hate it. I don’t know how people keep Amazon Alexas in their house,” agrees Adam.

“NO ADAM! YOUR MICROWAVE WAS UNPLUGGED AND WAS STILL COOKING MY MAC AND CHEESE!”

“Look, Michaelwave is our friend! He was just being helpful, you told me that he always cooks your mac and cheese or whatever you’re microwaving perfectly!”

“...You’re way too calm.” he freezes, salt shaker stolen from the dining hall in hand, “...You knew Michaelwave was possessed. Holy fuck. When we first moved in- you introduced Michaelwave as our third roommate! I thought you were a normal guy with a normal microwave!” He moves Adam’s dresser aside to see where Michaelwave was originally plugged in. “Adam... There isn’t even an outlet back here!” Max stands shaking as Adam stands between him and the doorway. Michaelwave seems to loom behind him.

Max takes in his surroundings and runs at Adam.

“I can’t let you leave, Max!” Adam strains against him. Glad he returned to cross country, and has been training his upper body as well as his legs. But as soon as the words are out of his mouth he knows he said the wrong thing.

“WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?!?” Max screams.

“Max, shut up, you’re gonna wake up the whole floor!” he hisses.

“Maybe I want to wake them all up! I don’t know Adam! What the fuck is wrong with you? You’re holding me *prisoner* in my own dorm with a possessed microwave. I’m out of here!”

At the word *prisoner* the flashbacks rise up inside Adam’s head and his body unconsciously folds as he tries to collect himself. But he doesn’t have the ability to restrain someone even if he could physically. He falls to the line where the white linoleum tile floor meets Max’s gray-green carpet.

Max surges past him to the door. Adam hears the loud click of the door unlocking behind him.

“What the fuck? It won’t open!” Max tries pulling the door back towards himself.

“Michael, stop,” Adam instructs from the floor.

“No, Adam, we need to settle this now,” Michael manifests in front of the microwave, visible to both of them.

“We have nothing to settle!” Max screams over his shoulder, his eyes widen as he sees two of Adam, “I don’t want to know! I don’t want to know!” he frantically tries to open the door.

“Adam, are you ok,” Michael leans over Adam, putting his hand on Adam’s forehead, and the memories and thoughts fade enough for him to think.

He accepts Michael’s hand up. Adam sighs, “Max, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for you to find out like this. It’s gone too far. I’m sorry we made you panic and made you feel trapped.”

“Look Adam, I really don’t care what fucked up shit you’re into or whatever! Just, just- Let me go! I don’t want to know what the deal is with the ghost of your dead twin brother who lives in your microwave!”

“He’s my boyfriend,” He quickly corrects, “I can explain-”

“I’m sure you can, Adam, but I don’t want to know. But if I hear you out, can I go home? Or is that just going to get me deeper into something I don’t want to be involved with?”

Adam flinches, remembering when all he wanted was to go home and see his mom again. In the light from the streetlamps pouring into their dorm Adam can see the tears on Max’s face, and Adam’s face feels wet too. Why hasn’t anyone turned on the lights?

Luckily Michael seems to understand what Adam is thinking and powers on the dorm’s overhead light.

“Max Smith, my name is Michael, I’m an angel, don’t be afraid,” Michael tries to sooth, reverting back to his old self who’s desensitized by those cowering in fear of him. If Adam can’t get control of the situation, he will. Adam notices how he redacted “of the Lord” and his title as Viceroy of Heaven.

He pulls Max’s forgotten Mac and Cheese out of the microwave and offers it to him with a fork from the box next to the microwave. It’s warm and perfectly cooked.

Max is frozen, making no motion to accept the food that has been offered having long since lost interest in his 3am snack.

Adam debates if they should delete this whole night from Max’s memory. But he knows that he’ll never forget it. It feels morally wrong.

“Max, I’m sorry if I scared you. That was not my intention. My only intention was to heat up your almost nightly late night snack. Adam hasn’t had the microwave plugged in this whole time since there are limited outlets, and I don’t need electricity to power the microwave that I’m currently possessing.” He sets the mac and cheese on the floor in front of Max and retreats back like he’s trying to coax out a timid dog. But Max isn’t hungry.

Max is still no longer interested in the mac and cheese offered to him. And Max is still unreceptive to either Adam or Michael’s actions. But he does eventually listen and after a couple hours comes to terms about the archangel living in their microwave.

And so the three go off to enjoy their lives in a forced triple.



It's finals week for the Fall Semester, when Adam finally glances down at Michael's buttons as he's about to heat up a microwave meal. He never uses Michaelwave to make food very often, so he hasn't taken a good look at his buttons in a while. Max is away at class right now so they have the dorm to themselves.

"Why are all the buttons cracked?" he asks, "We just got this microwave a couple months ago. They shouldn't have cracked already. Are you-"

"Remove the plastic."

"What?"

"Adam, you never removed the plastic film over my buttons. It's so annoying, please remove the plastic."

"*Ohh,*" Adam finally finds the corner of the plastic, and pulls it up in a swift motion. Michael makes a similar noise, but without the feeling of discovery.

Adam looks at him.

Michael probably looks back at him.

"You like that?" Adam jokes. Michael's newly exposed buttons glissen in the fluorescent overhead light of his dorm room.

"Yes."

The plastic is still caught at the top around the LED display. Adam delicately removes the plastic from that area. Producing sounds that he enjoys hearing from Michael, but not from his microwave.

Suddenly Michael produces the sharp beeps signaling that Adam's mac and cheese is ready. Michael reluctantly opens his door for Adam, advising him to wait a minute to avoid burning himself.

And they converse as Adam eats the food Michael cooked for him.



After finals week, Michael finally deposes the microwave and Adam excitedly welcomes him back inside him as they leave the microwave in the dorm over the winter break. Adam refuses to let Michael possess anyone or anything besides him ever again.

As Adam is checking to make sure he packed everything he needs for winter break when he accidentally bumps the microwave. It produces a strange rattling noise.

Adam looks at Michael.

Michael looks at Adam.

“Do you know anything about that?”

“...There may be a small stash of dry pasta inside of the microwave that I took out of Max’s mac and cheese. I was waiting for him to notice, but he never caught on.”

Adam grins as he locks the door behind him with his last container of items. “Just get them out of there at some point.”

End Notes

Thanks for reading!! Let me know what you thought in the comments!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!